

Torrential floods

Hark ye, O man, and list to my Voice, open thy mind-space, and drink of my wisdom
Dark is the pathway of LIFE that ye travel, many the pitfalls that lie in thy way. Seek ye, ever, to gain greater
wisdom attain and it shall be light on thy way.

The Emerald Tablets Of Thoth , Tablet VI

Port Elisabeth, summer 1981

*On detours, crossways and on the way. Through the woods, the bush and I don't know what else.
I am even through the water and it was simply a traditionally learned part of my life, which in
part I did not want, because it was called duty, prohibition, threatening raised finger, restriction, at
least that was due to the official church that I knew. "Love" wasn't really heard like that.
So he was always there somehow and somewhere, an emergency nail, a misunderstood, sometimes
annoying part of the upbringing.*

*But he always remembered himself, led me to reason and insight in a strange way, beat me
himself.*

I'll tell you one of my many encounters, a waypoint:

*It was around the summer of 1981 and I would have to pull out the old newspaper report to be
able to tell the exact date.*

*Since 8 o'clock in the morning we were in the hall of the tournament, waiting for our respective
fight or for us to perform a ring-tailed lemur. Most of the time consisted of waiting, keeping
warm, observing the others in order to be able to estimate who could possibly beat us.*

*It was late afternoon now. I was now very tired, my family had long since left, they didn't find it
all that exciting, and if I was honest, I had been wondering for a long time whether I wasn't
about the real goal of keeping fit and being able to defend myself. was shot out. That wasn't what
I was aiming for, but my coach was always on my neck because "I am a talent".*

Yes, true, I wanted to discipline myself too, away from the untargeted lack of concentration.

*That's what I wanted, to train a direction, to develop a program that I wanted to impose on
myself, to train. To a certain extent it seemed successful. But now I was grumpy and tired. Two
fights won and a medal in my pocket didn't make me friendlier. The whole day we heard the rain
pounding down on the corrugated iron roof of the hall. At least it hadn't gotten that hot. A look
at the gable windows showed that it was already dark. The African night always came suddenly.*

*I gave a sign to my trainer that I was about to leave. He made a mischievous threatening
gesture, but was happy because his people, that is, all of us, had beaten each other well. The many
honors were not yet through, but I went anyway.*

*I thought of my husband, especially of my sons, who should have shared all this with me. On the
other hand, I understood that it was too boring to be inactive on the spectator benches.*

*In the locker room I got on my boots without changing my clothes, picked up my bag and ran
through the pouring rain to the car.*

In no time I was on the arterial road. At the next At the crossroads, the traffic light was red,

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I had to wait and suddenly remembered two other evenings when I had turned through a grove of young shoots sprouting up like a rod to shorten the route. The whitish young tribes looked strange in the moonlight. Suddenly I had to brake sharply, because something was sitting in the middle of the road, which was actually only a narrow but at least paved path. Huge, yellow eyes seemed to slowly revolve on an amorphous lump into view.

I had the door lock on the driver's side engaged in a flash and was staring through the windshield at this more than 50 cm high, quite space-consuming creature. It appeared to be an extremely large owl. Or so it seemed to me, even if I wasn't sure. My shock evaporated a little, but the bird made no move to leave its position. Then other eyes flashed in various places next to the path.

A shiver ran down my spine. Had I heard of something like this before? I couldn't remember. The first time I honked for a long time, the ghost seemed to go away, but I hadn't seen any of the birds rise. The second time, I hadn't expected to have another encounter like this, I panicked into reverse gear and drove back at full speed onto the large bypass.

Now, at the traffic light, I remembered it and suddenly I had to flow into the part of the city that was close to the one where my family and I lived.

The car began to jerk. A storm was raging outside, lashing water against the embankments. I was so stunned that at first I was unable to think, let alone act. The thought fleetingly occurred to me to turn off the headlights, because they shone underwater against this very water. Useless.

Then the car was jerked around and swung quickly into a raging river that had never been there before. I thought of my sons. It was the thought of her that awakened all of my survival mechanisms. When I looked out, it seemed to me that there were two more on the bank next to me

Cars, however, drowned. Panic wanted to rise. But with a tremendous effort of will, I forced myself to calm down, wondering what to do. In the far distance a voice seemed to be calling. No water got into the passenger compartment, but the car sank, as I recognized from the slowly rising water level outside. It was only an inch below the bottom of the window. I wound it down very carefully.

The storm raged across the water. Sometimes the clouds tore open, then the moon threw its pale light over raging waters. Again I heard a voice. Then I saw a light swaying away, probably along the bank. Someone called with all their might against the storm. I climbed carefully onto the seat and snaked my way out of the window. I thought carefully so that the car wouldn't suddenly tip over.

The person behind the light waved it and screamed at full speed. So much so that I thought

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someone was in need there too. I called back that I couldn't do it myself at the moment. Again the clouds tore apart. Moonlight illuminated a ghostly scene. Then I jumped backwards into the water with a wild jolt. This brought the car off its track.

The moon disappeared behind clouds again. It was so dark and I was wrestling with the torrent, tangled in twigs. Panic seized me now, in my distress I cried out to God to tell me what to do.

The voice on the bank screamed with all its might, the light probably from a lantern, circled against the storm like a bumblebee gone mad. I swallowed water that the storm hit me in the face, spat and gasped for breath while I kicked myself with incredible strength and swam to the opposite bank, fighting more that I thought closer than the person with the lantern.

I kept screaming back but then giving up because I had to concentrate on myself first if I wanted to do it. The next day I learned from the newspaper that a man had observed the disaster and, armed with a lantern, had tried to attract attention to help me. When I stopped answering, he suspected that I had drowned. However, the moon managed to pave a way through the thick cloud cover again at the right moment, just as I was trying to pull myself out of the water in the bushes at the foot of the high stone wall. I looked back, saw the car spinning like a top on the water and suddenly shooting towards me.

I caught my breath. If it hit me, and it had to, if it stayed on track, all efforts would have been in vain. I waited a few seconds that seemed like hours and jumped towards the car. I just landed on the side of the open window. The impact threw it off course, back to the center of the water.

I immediately let go and fell back into the water. Once again the struggle with the floods began. I shouted. The storm seemed to keep itself at a certain distance in an ominous way.

Then I heard a laugh. Rolling and chuckling, hoarse. Of course, I assumed it was the water. Maybe it had dampened my ear canals a little, which caused this effect. The laughter grew louder. Someone seemed positively excited about my efforts to watch this fight. That laugh became mean, sneaky, loud and very brutal.

I caught the branches again. Oddly enough, I became very calm, almost freezing, and my mind became sharp and clear. I listened to this laugh, which suddenly seemed puzzled, amazed. I suddenly felt that someone nearby was actually there was. And yet there was no one there, as the moonlight showed, which repeatedly broke through the storm-chased clouds.

Suddenly pictures moved through my memory. Pictures of my past. Scenes that now appeared in a different light than they had previously been in the real time. I still heard the giggle, unsure now. I hung in the branches as these images passed me by.

A tremendous anger seized me. Anger against myself, against the world and against the establishment. But the anger towards whoever was laughing was much greater - and he suddenly understood that. No more laughing. I roared like a lion "Satan" - they will hear that you are too

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and whom they are screwing for without knowing it, in every decision they make, in their daily life

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Then I cried out for Christ again. Unbridled power flooded me. I thought fleetingly of other dangers that can exist in the African wilderness, animals.

Then I pulled myself up on a stone slab. I felt that it was broad and reliable, rest for a moment. Slowly I felt my way forward, felt for roots and rocks to hold onto. I didn't even realize I was climbing the steep, vertical cliff. Suddenly I was at the top.

Again the moonlight penetrated the clouds. I was in the ravine over the cliff, hitting the length of a puddle, and my mouth was full of mud. Every now and then I had heard the man. But since it only took strength to answer him, I had given up. Now, with your mouth full of mud that even more impossible. I cursed and immediately apologized. Somehow the swearing didn't seem right to me anymore, even if the situation was tragic.

On the other side of the path, the terrain rose steeply again. There were houses up there. I could really use some help now. In desperation, I now screamed for help. Lights went on everywhere up there. But nobody came, so I got up and felt along the path, falling more and more, until I finally came across the first street.

The next house wasn't far. It had a glass porch that shielded the actual door to the apartment. But there was a bell, which wasn't always the case in Africa. I now felt the strain of the past time and fell on the doorbell, which rang through the house with a furious sound. Reluctantly, a crack in the inner door opened. First a head, then a man cautiously stepped out.

He stopped; I asked if he could call home because I was in a car accident. An accident? Not a robbery? He seemed incredulous. I asked again

to be able to call. Then he saw my wet clothes, my face smeared with clay and yanked open the outer door. Now two women came out of the apartment. When they saw my condition, they were completely dissolved.

In no time I was in the brightly lit apartment. They wrapped me in thick blankets and sat me in a comfortable wing chair in front of the fireplace.

Then the old lady put a tablet in my mouth while the housewife pushed a big pot of coffee into my hand. In between I stammered my phone number, which the landlord used to call my husband.

The women seemed more finished than me. They hugged me, cried. They heard the screaming and were afraid someone would be raped. That's why nobody, not even from the neighborhood, would have dared to leave the houses. I furrowed my eyebrows, not understanding the logic. At the same time, they kept making me sip the coffee. Between coughing fits I tried to explain that I had swallowed a lot of mud beforehand. But my voice kept failing and the coffee consisted of a lot of

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coffee grounds. Apparently they hadn't noticed in the excitement.

Then my husband came. He was stunned. His car (he had insisted on taking his that day because it was more convenient) had sunk in the floods. He moaned as he should tell his director because it was a company car. He grabbed my wrist roughly and shook me. He yelled at me. The Englishman interrupted him and corrected him as to whether that was all he had to say about it, after all, his wife had just gotten away with her life.

I don't need to tell the rest of it. We got divorced some time later. However, because of another woman who was probably on the horizon for a long time at the time. I hadn't noticed it for a long time. When I got home, he went wild while I tried to come to in the bathtub. He raged, yelled at me that he was glad that the children hadn't woken up and hadn't noticed anything.

I don't mean to spoil him by telling you this, but a lot later I thought about how relationships between couples change over time. After a few days the floods had subsided so much that the car had got stuck in an "island" not too far from the steep face. It had been lifted over the wall with a crane. I don't know what happened to it afterwards.

The director of my husband's company didn't give a thought to "that stupid car," as he put it. The next day he came with a "surprise for me". In the trunk of his car he had a heavy twelve-armed brass chandelier with beautiful glass decorations. He knew I had a crush on something like this. This one was very old.

Later there were other strange experiences - I had been alone for a long time, with my children, and back in Germany, but in the 10 years that followed there were quite a few not "real", as they say, stories to be explained, which increasingly approached the current state of my convictions. In 1998 Christ appeared to me, I was baptized by the Holy Spirit. Both were real events with the senses. I even received the white dress as a real experience.